

King of Spades

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King of Spades

by [AskAStupidQuestion](#)

Summary

Hannibal is good at poker, suspiciously so. With millions on the table no one wants to lose out, even if they have to kill to get it.

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Basically just an excuse for me to write a Casino Royale style one shot.

Notes

My first posted work! Kinda excited, kinda nervous. Please be gentle, I tried.

And dear god thank you to Petrichor24 my self proclaimed editor in chief who has saved all of you dear readers from a near disaster! There were so many directions I was thinking of with this but ultimately it's been a good result!

Small disclaimer- I have this on 2 word documents and in one of those 15 words are missing, not quite sure what/where they come from but oops! So if you see any weirdness it's just a copying and pasting error!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Will licks his lips in delight. In the dim light of the chandelier six figures sit around a green table holding yellowing playing cards. Hannibal is sitting, elegantly as always, far opposite Will who leans on the marble pillar of the bar. So far both have relaxed into the thick permeating atmosphere of velvet and wine. The other four looming players have pinched faces and deep-set frowns, the most anxious of which is hunched like a squalid cat over the table and has his elbows pressed into the green. Abhorrent.

Will takes a sip from his glass. Some sort of whiskey he had let Hannibal order for him. The man had good taste. Unfortunately, his view became blocked by a broad man leaning across to the bar with a rumbling Russian accent.

“-and anything for you?”

Will registered the words a second later. He shook his head and gave a politely apologetic smile.

“This’ll be enough for me,” he tipped the glass in his hand slightly in thanks. The Russian looked down at him with a hard expression.

“Shame. You might have wanted it later.”

Before Will can even raise an eyebrow in query the man has stalked off to another table where his arm lingers around a petite French boy. Will resists the temptation to roll his eyes at the dramatics.

The dealer looks unfathomably calm; he has seen this all before. But Hannibal suspects he might not have seen such a winning streak in a while and contains his satisfaction at the two cards tucked neatly under his thumb until the dealer has the rest of the bets collected. No one has folded so far but Will suspects the tipping point will come soon. The dealer flips the final card over in a languid movement. One by one the players reveal their cards. The Scottish man ends up with a measly pair, the blonde two and even beating them, the sleaze ball that had kept his eyes on Will’s open collar has the higher pairs. Heated huffs come from the first two losers but the other one, pupils blown wide in his blue eyes by hope and adrenaline, leans forward and jerks his chin to the tensed man next to him. He throws down a king and a queen and smirks. Flush.

All faces turn to Hannibal. The five around him try and read his expression but their company surrounding them, suddenly brought to life with the tension of a climax, simply look on daringly. Without much apprehension he turns over the cards and slides them forward boldly. The spectators begin to murmur.

“Full house,” declares the dealer flatly, “Congratulations Dr Lecter. We will continue this game in an hour after a short break and then commence the final round.”

The room bubbles to full volume again, back from its oppressive silence. The competitors slide themselves away from the table and make their way to their crowd. Hannibal slinks towards Will with a snake-like serenity.

“Congratulations Dr Lecter,” Will echoes amusingly.

“Thank you, Mr Graham. I believe my lucky charm is working.”

“And what would that be?” Will enquires as he links his arm around Hannibal’s.

“None other than you, of course.” He smiles back at Will. “Care to join me upstairs for a drink?”

“Love to.”

They barely make it inside the door before Hannibal is on him. He licks at his pale neck until Will whines with need and Hannibal sinks his teeth into his skin instead. He gasps at the sensation and his head knocks against the hotel door. He can feel Hannibal grin against his throat when he sucks in a breath.

“We’ve already eaten, you couldn’t possibly stomach eating me too,” comes Will’s playful voice.

“Do not doubt my abilities William.” Growls Hannibal. He clenches Will’s hair in his palm and pulls slightly so that their foreheads touch. He holds Will there. They barely touch, barely breathe.

Until Will finally breaks first and melts their faces together, kissing him feverously. Hannibal kisses back with equal passion, ravaging him as Will lets himself be devoured. The hand still in his hair grips tighter and his back is pressed flat against the hard wood of the door by Hannibal’s ever closer body. His legs encase the smaller man’s and even though he is barely taller he seems to tower over Will. He writhes against Hannibal trying to find the perfect friction between them. It’s not enough.

Will hooks his leg around and quickly pivots. He flips them, clenching at Hannibal’s lapels and Hannibal laughs, breathy and dark.

“Clever boy.” He shakes his head somewhat at Will.

Will advances on Hannibal, pushing him up the door till every part of them is touching and he can finally feel the hardness of Hannibal’s crotch, drawing a low murmur of pleasure from him. Will’s hands pin Hannibal’s to the door. He continues his writhing until he’s too distracted and Hannibal lifts him entirely off the ground. Will wraps his legs around his waist

and hangs on for all he's worth, Hannibal's large hands gripping his ass as he carries him. The tensed muscle of his arms makes the fabric of Hannibal's tuxedo taut around him.

He releases Will onto the plush bed, who manages to crawl backwards to the head of it before Hannibal has wrenched off his dinner jacket and hung it on a nearby chair and then launches himself back at Will. They scramble to get his own jacket off and chuck it hastily to the floor. It's probably crumpled, and Will will hate himself when he has to put it back on with suspicious wrinkles in an hour but right now it's not even a thought in his mind. Fuck, he needs Hannibal now. Right now.

Will pulls him down so that he can feel the full weight of his body against him. They meld together like hot metal, hips surging together in search of that heavenly bliss.

"Off!" Hannibal demands in a husky voice. "Off, off, off!" He pins Will's torso down so he can lean back and starts to unbutton Will's shirt. He nips at the collarbone as he goes. With every button he exposes more skin to kiss and lick, slowly working his way down, his eyes still firmly fixed on Will's which have expanded with desire. Will huffs, desperately throwing his head back and earning a low chuckle from Hannibal as he finally, finally, finally undoes the last one and is just about to undo the one on his trousers.

The door is kicked in first.

Hannibal flings himself off Will, grabbing his gun from the holster at his hip. Will scrambles for the one he knows they have in the drawer just as the intruders round the corner.

"Put your hands up!" Rings an authoritative voice. Will notes each of the group of assailants that have their guns trained on them. They're dressed in black, some in suits like his, others clad in tactical gear from head to toe.

"And why would I do that?" Hannibal's voice is low, dangerous.

"Because then I might think about letting your whore go." A man follows into the room flanked by two others. Will recognises him as the runner up from the last round and he's still just as bitter as he was at the table. "You see, Dr Lecter, you've had an awful lot of luck," he drones, "in fact I don't think I've met anyone alive as lucky as you- never once in the game have you lost more than two hundred grand in one go, pretty impressive considering you're now the proud owner of 3.4 million US dollars. Now that's quite a winning streak." He approaches them slowly. "Almost unbelievable."

"Almost." Grits Hannibal. "Are you accusing me of foul play? I assure you I gain no pleasure from a fixed game."

"I'm not talking about pleasure, Lecter, I'm talking business," He hisses as he inches ever closer whilst Hannibal remains dangerously calm.

"Mr Verger, what evidence have you got to prove I am playing not exactly by the book?"

“I have my intuition, doctor, and that’s all I need.”

He’s just feet away but Hannibal’s not moved an inch. He holds out his right arm steadily. Will is on his back still on the bed but his arms are braced for a fight, hands clenched around air. From behind him, Will can see the shine of a second gun tucked into Hannibal’s back pocket.

“I doubt the casino takes that as acceptable evidence,” a smirk ghosts on his lips.

“Why tell the casino when I can manage this myself?”

It must have been a signal because all Will hears is the shot of a bullet and he launches himself from the sheets with all the power in his body. He collides with the nearest guard, knocking the breath square out of him with his shoulder. The gun scatters to the ground. He knees him tactically, and whirls around. He manages to land a kick square in the jaw then legs it before he can be cornered.

“You bastard.” Snarls Verger, “and to think I was even going to negotiate.” It was Hannibal who shot first. Puncturing Verger’s side with the bullet from the second gun whilst the bullet from his right trigger bit at the throats of two of the guards. It skimmed one but lodged itself deep in the others neck. They both dropped like dolls.

“Clearly you’re not much of a thinker.” Hannibal smiles back at him.

He can see Will bolt from the corner of his eye and wishes that he could be safe. His wish goes unnoticed as two hulking men stalk out the door after him. Hannibal lunges at Verger, the bullets ricocheting off the walls behind. He wants to choke the life out of him. Wants to see his blood run slowly into the gutter. To see him pay. But there’s no time right now.

Instead he throws Verger back at his own men who tumble recklessly. Hannibal grabs the last one standing. Snapping an arm from the socket, his gun clatters to the ground. The man twists helplessly but just into the right position so Hannibal can fire again and this time he almost wishes Will were here to appreciate the clean hole right through the skull of his victim.

He pauses for just a moment too long. His wrist snaps painfully as his pistol is torn from his hand. Verger hurls it back into his face, colliding painfully into his cheek. Hannibal falls to the ground coughing blood and cursing.

“I just want my money. I didn’t even want to kill you!” His voice is strangled and manic. “But I suppose I can make an exception in my plan for you.” He steps onto Hannibal’s stomach. It makes him wretch. “I think I’ll start with your precious boy.”

Roaring at the mention of Will, Hannibal grabs onto his leg and twists, snapping him to the floor with force. Red sprays the hard marble. Honestly what kind of bedroom has a marble

floor? Hannibal had thought it an odd choice but it was decidedly useful when no other sounds escape from Verger. He's dragged off him by the arms which he wrenches from their hold. They tackle him, thudding to the ground. He wrestles against them, scraping his nails against their throats. He wastes no time. Screams illicit from his victim's mouth as he digs his thumb into his eye socket and he feels the squelch and then a sudden give as Hannibal reaches the nerve at the back of his eyes with his nails. A final blow to the head renders him dead, his friend scrabbling at Hannibal's back in a vain attempt to peel him away.

A letter opener sits on the desk a few feet away. Hannibal lunges for it. Mindlessly stabbing behind him he can feel the man go limp and he kicks the now lifeless body to the floor. He moves to stand over Verger, licking his lips. Below him, the man's hands shake.

Screams.

But not from below. From outside. Will.

Hannibal doesn't look back as he runs.

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He had tripped on the carpet as he sped around the corner, knocking himself face first. The thundering boots behind him had almost made it to him before he could even get off the ground. They pinned his arms first. Will's breath grows heavy with panic, veins thrumming with adrenaline. He wants to run, the energy coiled inside burns him like a snake's flaming venom. Keeping it in is excruciating as each of their touches bruise him. The cable ties around his wrists cuts into his veins as he's jostled between them. Hands on his neck keeping him still as his head is buried into a bag.

He's thrown over the shoulder of one and they run, guns still out and ready. He strikes his elbows into the man's shoulder blade over and over. His legs kick and beat at his chest. There's no sign of slowing but Will doesn't stop his assault for a moment.

"Told you the drink might have come in handy."

The Russian from earlier. Just his luck.

With renewed vigour Will stretches his legs, lets himself slip down the torso of the man and curls in his stomach so that his knee strikes the man's crotch. They both collapse to the ground at once.

He spits a Russian curse but stays crumpled. Will snatches his gun from his belt and fires blindly at the body next to him, vision still obscured by the mask. He hears the second one approach and reels off all the bullets he can, emptying the clip into the corridor. Meaty hands snatch at his collar, throwing him against the wall.

“Cheap whore.” He struggles against the grip on his throat, his shouts come as whimpers. He slides up the wall from the force of it. His legs squirm as they dangle above the ground. He hears the flick of a pocket knife opening. “I want to see your eyes when you die.” The fabric is cut from his head. Will tries to remain still as he does it but the man, accidentally or not, leaves a trailing river of blood up his cheek bone that drips into his own mouth. He coughs into the man’s face, uncaring, and drags in all the breath he can.

“Let’s start from the ground up, shall we?” He smiles.

The knife jabs into his sole and he screams as loud as he can manage.

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He follows the scream like a blood hound. He doesn’t have to go far before he sees Will again, strung up against the wall by another brute. Hannibal feels his blood boil. He stalks towards them, noticed only by Will’s widening eyes. The man has his knife poised, ready to plunge into another part of Will but Hannibal grabs it himself before he has the opportunity. So many possibilities. So many ways to kill. He doesn’t consider any of them but skewers the blade into the back of the brute’s neck. He aims at a feeble spiny juncture at the base of his head. The knife rotates till he hears the satisfying crack of vertebrae splitting. The man folds as if deflated.

They stand face to face, pressed together once more. Will leans back against the wall, his foot weeping red. He licks the blood off his lips; Hannibal tracks every movement.

They’re both covered in blood- other’s and their own. Hannibal’s shoulder holsters are still in place outlining his muscular body and his shirt, sticky with sweat and blood, is skin tight against his abdomen. There’s a large purple bruise forming on his cheek and Will wants nothing more than to kiss it better. They both pant, sucking in gulps of air like drowning men. The rise and fall of Hannibal’s chest is comforting against Will.

“Would it be wrong to admit how attractive you are like that?” Will’s voice is coarse but steady.

Hannibal huffs a small laugh.

“You can tell me again after we’ve won- looks like break time is over.” He checks his watch. Will wants to sigh dramatically but lets himself be led by Hannibal.

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When they enter the room again, only bothering to pull on their jackets again to cover the red smears on crisp white, the intake of breath is subdued but palpable. They all knew what might happen anyway. They walk arm in arm to the table- Will leaning on Hannibal for support, his foot now expertly bandaged. The crowd parts for them, wary. Will stands close to Hannibal, helping to tuck in the chair behind him. Before he leaves to the bar he places a lingering kiss on Hannibal's cheek. For luck.

The three remaining players fold immediately.

End Notes

Any comments/kudos are welcome! I'm pretty new so some feedback would be really useful!
Hope you enjoyed!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!